A ROMANCE OF THE HOP-FIELDS.

an off-hand manner, "what's that fellow in the leggings doin' up here?"

The sun had passed the meridian, and the shadows were beginning to fall on Nolan's side. The hop-field code is picking with a "lady" he give her enough-and altogether her open adalways the shady side. But Nolan, in miration put a fine gilt edge on his his perturbation of mind, forgot his self-esteem.

"Nothin'," came indifferently from Mollie, feeling the rays pelting down day. upon her head, and remembering the thoughtfulness of the fellow in the leggings in pulling the fullest vines down on her side.

"Say, Mollie," asked Nolan, persuasively, after a half-hour's silence, during which time several couples had changed sides so that the girl might have the benefit of the shade, "what was he hangin' round you all mornin'

"Nothin'!" The black eyes were stubbornly glued to their work, while beads of perspiration stood out on the round, tanned cheeks.

Thereafter, vine after vine was reached and stripped in oppressive silence. At length, after having decided to adopt a course of moody silence, which should break the haughty spirit of this girl, and make her hang upon his slightest word, knew it, in tender, coaxing tones: you about, anyway?"

*"Nothin"!" Mollie's chin went into the air and her lips snapped together like the blades of a jack-knife. The beads of perspiration had grown into rivulets that trickled from nose to chin, and splashed into the basket. The foreman of the field rode by several-times, and noticed gratefully there was less talking and more work being done between the two than usual, and when at last the shadows grew so the row she was on, and the sun began to redden belind a bank of smoke and dust, the joyful sound of the quitting beh pealed over the fields.

Arms just lifted to reach a vine, hands in the act of stripping a branch, fingers just crooked to pick a last sound of that first tap. The unhappy Nolan could not stop his thoughts so quickly, nor resist a last appealing. "Say, Mollie, what's the matter with you, anyway?"

But the maid only threw a defiant "Nothin'!" over her shoulder as she was joined at the end of the row by a tall fellow in leggings. The black eyes lost their defiance, the lips rippled into smiles as she pushed her sun-bonnet back and looked up into the laughing face under the sombrero.

"Great place, isn't it?" the tall fellow said, half to himself, as he watched the pickers filing by-Chinamen Indians, Japs, and whites of every-brand, and all sorts of conditions. There was the objectionable element but the majority of the pickers were the men who, after harvesting their own meagre little hay crops, packed their wagens, loaded in their families, ristled to their dogs, and started off aree or four weeks' camp in the

hop-fields. With these families it is a regular institution, and the one interesting occasion of the year. Here new acquaintances are made, foot-hill gossip exchanged for tule district scandals, flirtations and romances spring up, flourish, and die, with the hops, and most of the back country belles date their social debut from the Saturday night dances.

Mollie stole a one-sided glance at the fellow in the leggings, and took in every detail as his eyes followed the crowd. She held her head just a trifle higher than usual when familiar faces looked up and saw her chatting with this stylish looking fellow in the cordurov knickers. In fact when some of her Coon Creek friends came along. she found it inconvenient to look their way, for she felt that in refined society their "Hello Moi!" would not be considered good form.

"How long have you worked here?" the tall fellow asked her, shortening his stride to fall in with her little trip. Mollie, delighted to be called upon for information, gurgled out everything she knew about the hop-fields; the advantage of being paid by the piece instead of the day, the amount the average picker could make a day, the weighing in the baskets, the processing in the kiln, the pressing and baling, and the joys of the dance given every Saturday night. Adding, for she could scarcely believe this distinguished-looking personage could be a common picker, like Mike Nolan and Pinny Smith, and the rest of them: "Are

you visiting at Hoptown?" "No," the fellow laughed, "I'm a citizen, if I can stand these beastly hours. For the next few weeks I'm a son of the soil in order to fill up my coffers for the next semester," This fellow relished the dilating power of the black eyes beside him, and Mollie, having studied Short Primer of Chemistry, felt herself on an intellectual

level with this college senior. As they neared the camp she was eyes peering at her from under tent flans, but tucking her chin up into the air, she walked along as oblivious of them, apparently, as if she and this

new-friend were alone in a wilderness. Before picking-time the next morning it was thoroughly understood by all the tenters on Mollie's side of the field that Nolan's race was run, and that Mollie had a new "steady" from "below." as the southern counties are termed by the inhabitants of the north-

Nolan, his wrath cooled by a night's repose, became award of this fact when e waited at the usual trysting place e first row of poles, and saw the sombrero looming up in the wake of the blue sun-bonnet. The rest of the

day he was pursued by the cheerful Home," and the happy dancers paired jibes of his friends about being thrown off in twos for the best part of the down for a city "guy." Poor Mike, even his dauntless good humor went down under their clumsy efforts at

But Mike Nolan was not the only one suddenly effaced from the girl's fickle memory. There were Pinny, and Spike and Big Terry, into whose young and

when they passed her on the row. . The eyes under the sombrero lost

BY MARGUERITE STABLER. 66 (AY, Mollie," said Nolan, in | help to make the long hot days endurable to him. Her eyes had a way of widening when he talked to her, which was highly agreeable to him, and he spared no opportunity to produce that effect. Her cheeks, too, had a frank little way of going pink-sometimes of courtesy demands that when a man red-when the allusion was direct

> "Is it possible you have never been to San Francisco?" he asked her, one

"No. I've never been there," she admitted, apologetically, "but," she hastened to add, in order to dispel any idea of rusticity that admission might have given, "I've been twice to Red Bluff, and we live only nine miles from Coon Creek."

"Have you ever thought you might like to live there?" he pursued, reaching up to pull down a cut vine from the pole. His glance was very direct this time, and his tones full of meaning. It was pretty to see her . eyes and cheeks glow with a deeper hue, so intent was he on noting the effect he could produce with the slightest touch. He did not wait for an answer, but went on. "Wouldn't you like---

But just then the Sacramento train thundered by on the trestle, drowning his words, but not the look in his eyes. And on the the heels of that, the noon Nolan, heard himself say, before he bell rang, at which everybody quit work, and they walked up to the set-"Say, Mollie, what was he talkin' to tlement together in silence-little Mollie's feet touching the ground only in high places, her foolish little head 'way up in the clouds, the man's thoughts miles away from the scene about him, and the hope of his heart centred on getting on the 'varsity football team.

By the end of the season Miss Mollie's social circle had narrowed down to few more than her own family, and one tall man. She had discovered her tastes to be of the climbing variety, long it did not matter which side of and had reached the fatal conclusion that not one of her old friends at Coon Creek possessed a particle of culture or style. And when, before dispersing for another year, the pickers prepared to give a grand ball in honor of the wind-up of the hop-season, Mollie determined to show them the size of the hop, stopped and fell empty at the gulf that now yawned between herself and them

These hop-pickers' dances are open to every one, so there are not many lines of social distinction drawn. The men exchange their bandana neck 'kerchiefs for stiff celluloid collars, and the girls wash out a sprigged lawn frek, and are radiant and ready for the frolic. But Mollie, with a reckless slash into her summer's carnings, burst upon the scene, on the eventful evening, an animated billow of frills, and flounces, and furbelows.

As the frolic progressed, the tall fellow with his sombrero under his arm, watched the scene from the doorway with an amused, wondering smile. The big dining room that seated 500 few rods ahead three moose-a big hungry pickers three times a day had bull, a cow and a calf. He sounded been transformed in less than an hour into a dancing hall. The tables had been hoisted to the ceiling by stout bale rones, where they were secured to the rafters, while the shelf that ran the length of the room on both eiden, was studded at regular intervals with empty bottles, into each of which was stuck a tallow candle.

After the good old-fashioned custom, Pinny Smith, with a girl in a yellow frock, led off the grand march, after which there were polkas, quadrilles, schottisches, and dances his town-bred feet had forgetten, or never learned. When his eye caught Mollie's, he crossed the room to ask her for a dance. From the opposite doorway Spike had started toward her at the same time. She held her fan-a gauzy flimsy thing that represented the price of several long days' picking, so she might not seem to notice Spike-and her breath in fear lest he should reach her first. The fellow in the leggings was so interested in his surroundings he walked slowly, and Spike, she saw, was gaining. In a second he would be within speaking range and all would be lost. The next instant she rose to her feet, turned her back on the crestfallen Spike, and reached her hand toward the tall fellow, approaching in his leisurely, indifferent manner.

When the accordion began to wall out "The Blue and the Gray," the man found to his surprise this little backwoods beauty could dance. She didn't hop, nor "scrape matches," nor stiffen like a poker in his arms; she danced with that lithe free grace with which a bird flies, or a fish swims, because it was the natural expression of her bubbling, lightsome spirits.

But, all too soon the music was stopped, and there was a mad stampede for the counter, over which pink lemonade and cookies were sold. The leggined fellow, however, led the radiant little girl out into the moonlight. which had transformed the denuded redwood hop-poles into endless colonnades. Regardless of her slippers and flounces, everything but the dominating presence of the man beside her, she strolled down the row on the rough bare ground. When they regained the ball room pro tem., the music had struck into the long, swinging strains conscious of a double row of curious of "Creole Belles," Again they circled 'round and 'round, never pausing for a breath until the music stopped.

> Happy little Mollie! This was her brief hour of triumph, and she carried it off with a high hand. Her Coon Creek friends, who were not too dazzled by her airs and graces, came up as usual and asked her for a dance. but the next one was always engaged. Nolan looked a moment longingly in her direction when he caught the first bar of "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," but having heard of the treatment accorded the other fellows, he turned and consoled himself with the Hen-

When at last the dance was over, when the accordion had wheezed out the plaintive strains of "Home, Sweet evening's fun-the walk home in the moonlight-Mollie wondered, in her simple little soul, if heaven could be Magazine, in attaining to the magiste

Her companion did not tell her that he was going away the next morning until they had reached her own tent swaggered along till he went bolt up door. He had fancied she might be against a cow which had not the mansusceptible hearts her black eyes had, sorry, but had not imagined she would ners to get out of the way, but continburned big holes, now not even seen care so much. He was sorry the moon ued to browse by the roadside in mild was not brighter, for he knew he was unconcern. missing much of the tell-tale play of nothing of the situation. This little expression in her eyes and cheeks, And "mind my coo!" girl was undoubtedly pretty after a when, after repeated protestations of sort of wild-rose type, she certainly remembering her until his dying day, nity, "Im no longer a mon. I'm a ballwas the only one in the field who could and promises of coming up to Coon lia"

any better than this.

Creek to visit Uncle Sy's dairy ranch the very first chance he got, he took her hand to say "good-by" and bent so low her cheeks flamed up as red as her lips. But she could not have been so angry as she pretended to be, because, after the lights were out all up and down the line, they were still saying "good-by."

It was not a long walk to Hoptown station, and next day the tall young fellow, again in tweeds and a Panama hat, tramped up and down the platform, impatient to be back into the stir and bustle of the life he had left, and recounting to himself for the hundredth time his chances of getting on the 'varsity team as half-back.

"Hello, old man" he shouted, as he jumped on the step, wondering at this gathering of the clans.

"Hello! Hello!" a volley of volces echoed as he entered the car. "Just coming down from Shasta," one of the fellows explained; "my sister and some friends of hers in the car. Come on." The train moved slowly when it crossed the trestle. Mollie had counted on that, and hurried to the end of the hop-field so she might get a last smiling adieu from the car window. Four, five, six windows slipped by, and her heart began to fail, but at the eighth, there he was, looking toward her, too. The black eyes widened as the window came abreast of her fence-post. Yes, his head was turned in her direction, but why, oh why, did he not see her handkerchief waving wildly at him? The next moment brought into view a fair-haired girl in the seat behind him, and the same look, the same smile she had lived upon all these weeks were bent upon the new face. It could not be possible that he had forgotten her already! Still, trusting little Mollie waved her handkerchief, and then her bonnet. His head was turned in her direction, but he had eyes for no one but this trim-looking girl with the dotted veil. A moment more and the train was gone, the rear end of the baggage car grew smaller and dimmer,

till it was out of sight. When the forlorn little figure turned back to the hop-field, a great, dry sot in her throat and an empty ache in her heart, the one or two Coon Creek people she met let her see they had learned they were not expected to speak to her At a turn in the road she passed a hilarious group of pickers exchanging tin-types with hearty promises of meeting again next year. Pinny was there, lavishing peanuts and gum on the crowd, and though he saw her, he did not look up. She drew her bonnet down over her eyes and told herself she didn't care. But as she walked up the long, hot avenue alone, she met Nolan, his high spirits restored, walking home with the red-haired Henessy girl.-San Francisco Argonaut.

MOOSE AND LOCOMOTIVES. The Usual Result of Their Coming Together.

The spunky and stubburn bull moose has again been defying the locomotive in Maine, with the usual disastrous results-to the moose. This time a whole moose family was wiped out in about ten seconds, making a great waste of big game and a lot of w for the section men.

It was on Tuesday last that 1 engineer of a freight train on t Bangor and Arcostook road, as h locomotive rounded a sharp curve o a down grade, saw on the track . the whistle expecting to see the wi family make a break for the woods, but they stood their ground, and the bull, with a snort of defiance, braced himself for the combat, swinging his great antlered head as though he expected to toss the locomotive sky-

The shriek of the whistle sent men scurrying over the tops of the cars. setting brakes, while the engineer had the brakes on locomotive and tender clamped up so tightly that the wheels were sliding and smoking over the rails. The speed of the train and its momentum were too great, however, to be overcome in the short distance, and down swept the fast freight upon the heroic moose family. There was a crash and a crunching under the wheels, while blood spattered over the boiler head, and fragments of moose went whirling through the air. When, a few rods further on, the train was brought to a stop, it was found that all three of the moose had been killed, the carcasses of the cow and the calf being thrown some distance from the track, while the carcass of the bull had been ground under the wheels. At the next station the section boss was informed, and a crew was sent back to bury the moose family. The men said that the bull was a monster-one of the largest ever seen along the line of the Aroostook road.

A few days ago a train on the Intercolonial railway ran a race with a big moose which was promenading the track near Dalhousie Junction. The moose ran for half a mile or more at surprising speed, and then, finding that the footing was bad on the ties, left the track and ran along in the ditch. Here the animal tried to jump a high wire fence, but stuck half way over and hung there while the train came up. One of the passengers says that the moose looked puzzled and ashamed when the train passed him .-Bangor (Me.) Correspondent of the New York Tribune.

A prominent clergyman used to tell of one of his parishioners who had been very sick: A physician had given him some medicine and told him he could go out, but under no circumstances was he to get wet. The man went out on the farm and a shower of rain came up suddenly. There was no shelter near, and to save lilmself he crawled into a hollow log. The action of the rain caused the log to shrink so

as to endanger his life. He could not move, and being brought face to face with death the whole of his past life came before him as in a panorama. He remembered the days of his childhood, his entrance upon life, his successes and his sins, then he remembered, last of all, that when he left home that morning he refused his wife, when she asked him for fifty cents for the church, and the thought made him feel so small that he had no difficulty in getting out of the log.-Grace Church Bells.

A Scotchman had reached the summit of his ambitions, says Everybody's rial bench. The honor seemed to him a great one, and he tried to live up to it. With his head high in the air be

"Mon." cried the indignant owner "Woman," he replied, with fine dig-

p PISO'S CURE FOR ! Best Cough Syrup, Taster Good. Use in time, Sold by druggist.

RAREST OF DELACIES. It used to be affirmed that English building if tardier was more thorough

Flimsy English Building.

prey of drafts. Indeed, the horrible

dampness of English winters might be

shorn of its worst bed room, sitting

room and dining room terrors if houses

were more solidly put together. In

the older parts of the West End this

shell-like quality of structures con-

stantly surprises and annoys the for-

eigner. It is all very well for him

if he comes here to spend a few sum-

mer weeks. Then he lauds the "de-

licious coolness" of the climate and

fails to realize that in winter stealthy

air currents would creep upon him

from every quarter. There are hun-

dreds of houses in the smart regions

of Portland place, Bayswater, Knights-

bridge and Kensington, where an ut-

ter lack of repair prevails, where

sometimes the wind almost whistles

below the ill-joined doors, and where

gas is often absent from all but one

or two apartments. And yet for lodg-

ings in these houses prices are at all

times asked which a New Yorker

would regard, in his own city, as the

quintessence of extortion .- The Con-

I Coughed

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will do.

DIAMOND BACK TERRAPIN OFTEN than American. But this view of the case will no longer serve. American BRING \$100 A DOZEN. building is decidedly more thorough and serviceable. I have yet to find a How the Species is Hunted-High Cost house in all London which is not the Encourages the Use of Substitutes-

> Danger of Extinction-Found By Sounding With a Stick. few are sent to market each season | sale.-Baltimore Sun. from the Choptank River and the waters of Talbot County. For some years the dealers at Crisfield and other points have been gathering the diamond backs, a few at a time, and keeping them in pounds staked off in the water. Nearly all the good Chesapeake terrapin left are now imprisoned in these pounds, it is estimated. It is illegal to market those under five inches in length on the lower shell, and pound men keep the undersized until they reach the required length. Prices at Crisfield now are: For those seven to eight inches long, \$60 a dozen; six to seven inches, \$36 a dozen; five to six inches, \$14 a dozen, and under five inches \$2 a dozen. There seems to be a great discrepancy between \$60 and \$2 a dozen, out

of all proportion to the size, but terrapin are distinguished for more qualities than mere price. As they increase in flavor with age and appear to be more tender, the one hundred or more years of a terrapin's existence is worthy of some consideration. Then, as said before, the small ones cannot be marketed, and not every hunter is able to keep them until they reach the

proper size. The item of cost is considerably increased, however, before the diamond | their Irish estates. For instance, in back is found on the banquet board. the King's County there are 600 land-Orders from consumers are usually lords, of whom 100 are possessed of may not be able to fill them from the sons own less than 300 acres. There stocks on hand. If a dealer receives are only two landlords in the county a large order and hasn't a sufficient who own estates of considerable size. supply, he skirmishes around among | One is Lord Digby, who is the owner other dealers, and frequently sends to of 30,000 acres, and the other, Lord other cities. New York and Philadel- Rosse, who has 22,000 acres. In the phia are thus drawn upon at times by County of Cork, whoch is, of course, Baltimore dealers to meet demands, the biggest county in Ireland, there but as a rule it is this city that is ask- are 8,000 landlords, of whom 3,000 own ed to help out her Northern sisters. less than one acre of ! nd. Of the re-In the course of the diamond back's maining 5,000 landlords there are but progress from his native waters to the twenty who possess over 10,000 acres; epicure's table its value begins to soar. of these twenty estates at least ten The prices to the consumer range are insolvent, and consequently the only the wealthy can enjoy the delici- them in the way of income. Altogether ous dish, and as most of those who in- there are about 30,000 landed proporieclude it in their special menus desire tors in Ireland, but it is doubtful if cost is usually from \$60 to \$75 a dozen. big income from his Irish estates .-Large sizes readily bring \$100.

Catching terrapin for market was once more or less followed as a business all along the bay shores, but it is now practically an incidental of the waterman's life, as the scarcity of the game makes the hunt unprofitable. It is considered a great piece of luck at present to find a diamond back or two snuggled down in the mud. Dredging for them with drags somewhat resembling the crab net was lucrative at one time, but is now almost forgotten. The few found are taken in a different way.

The diamond-back hunter goes out to the marshes with a slender iron bar or "prod," which he sticks down at intervals of about six inches in spots which look to him as though likely to hide the prey. Early in the fall the terrapin go to the marshes and bury themselves in the soft mud to the depth of a foot or more. Many sink in the mud at the bottom of a muskrat run. Others select some retired pond and disappear from sight in its coze. In these places the "prodder" hunts usually after the first winter thaw of ice. The terrapin then seems to rise almost to the top of the mud and sink again, leaving a distinct depression as it settles back in place. When struck with the blunt end of the iron prod the hunter pulls the quarry out with a little hook in one end of the bar. Sometimes a piece of wood is struck with the rod. The novice is unable to distinguish between the sound made upon the wood and the ring of a terra. pin's back, but to the experienced hunter it is quite different, and he seldom makes mistakes. The old hunters say that the terrapin never hibernates in deep water, but always seeks the shallows or the marshes in which to bury.

In collecting terrapin enough for a shipment the reptiles are sometimes kept for several weeks out of their native element. They are usually stored in a dry temperate room or box until ready to be sent to market.

The desultory collector or one not egularly in the business usually ships his terrapin to market in small lots soon after securing them and they are kept in the storage houses of city dealers until wanted. They are usually placed in a dry room or large box and left to shift for themselves. One local dealer states that his firm has had \$15,000 worth on hand at a time, "but that hasn't been within the last ten years," he added. The bay-shore collectors and dealers usually come to the city about November 1 to arrange for marketing the season's sup-

The scarcity of the genuine article and the regular demand for it have, of course, led to the use of substitutes, some of which are sold and bought in good faith, while frequently the substitute masquerades an the banquet board as the highly prized diamend-

One of the most frequently used of these pseudo diamond-backs is the Biloxi terrapin, so called because it comes principally from the marshes and bayous of the gulf near Biloxi, Miss. The "golden" also often takes the place of its more aristocratic relative at stately functions. Many golden come from the West. The meat of these plebian cousins of the lordly diamond back is not as dark, but only to the educated taste is much different from the real luxury. The golden and Biloxi articles are also increasing in value as the demand for them grows, and those of good size and other marketable attainments sometimes reach

as high as \$25 a dozen. With the passing of the diamond back the business of developing 'sliders" and "red-belly" terrapin for market has begun in some sections of the Eastern Shore. The "slider" often attains large proportions, weighing as much as twenty pounds or more. The 'red-belly" is a smaller species. The larger variety occasionally sells for as high as \$2.50 apiece, though the average price is from 75 cents to \$1.50. The smaller variety sells for from 75

cents to \$1.50 a dozen. These terrapin bury in the mud from three to five feet deep and, like the diamond-back, are found by sounding hook. The female, before she deposits a dangeraus weapon," said the Court, numerous eggs add greatly to the rich- assault and will be held for sentence. ness of the prepared disn. The fe- -New Orlcans Times-Democrat.

male terrapin deposits her eggs ranging from twenty-five to thirty in number, in the sandy fields near her breeding grounds. The eggs are covered with sand and packed at night, and the terrapin seeks the water again before the hot sun reaches her. Old trappers say they have known terrapin to be killed by the sun while making their way to the marsh after lay-

The crow is the greatest enemy to Crisfield, Md., is now the chief the terrapin, hunting out their nests source of terrapin supply, although a and destroying the eggs by whole

Gas as Fuel.

The use of gas as a fuel and source of power has made wonderful strides during the past decade, and present indications point to a still more marked advancement in the methods of production and systems of lighting, heating and power supply, says Mines and Minerals. The systems of incandescent gas lighting, so prevalent and popular at the present time, depend for their efficiency wholly upon the heating power of gas, rather than on its luminosity. Water gas or producer gas will undoubtedly be the future heating and lighting agencies, and along the lines of their production will be directed most of the forces of investigation and improvement. The future trend of gas production will probably be in favor of generator rather than retort gases, which ought to result in purer gases, i. e., gases of a fairly constant chemica, composition,

Ireland's Land Holders.

There are really very few large landowners in Ireland. Most of the wealthy Irish landed gentry derive their incomes from sources other than placed with city dealers, who may or over 1,000 acres of land and 200 perfrom \$30 to \$80 or more a dozen. As owners do not receive a penny from as good an article as they can get, the one of them receives anything like a London Tatler.

Englishman's Use of Holidays.

People may argue that there are too many bank holidays in England, and there is undoubtedly some reason in the contention, but for all that no one will ever persuade the average Englishman that a bank holiday is not one of the very best things in life. It is the onion that animates the salad of his labor. In the midst of his laboricus days it shines ahead of him as the lights of home shine to the mariner. He saves up his money for it, he studies maps and railv ay guides for weeks ahead of the auspicious morn, and he even buys a new pair of brown shoes for its greater glory. All these things may appear as vanities in the cannot be persuaded that men were intended for any purpose in the world other than one of hard and grinding labor. But people have come to think that the expectation of such occasions as bank holidays-the pleasure of a whole day spent at the seaside or in green woodlands, and the entire freedom from the environment of one's normal existence-lend to a toil of zest, a spring and an elasticity which manifest themselves in the character and quality of the work. That is the theory, at all events. Of course, where such festivals are celebrated by brutish debauchery they are occasions of evil, but the working classes as a whole are certainly beginning to free themselves from the charge that they cannot keep holiday without getting drunk.-London Globe.

Cave Bears Caught in a Trap. News has reached Professor J. C.

Merriman, head of the palentological department of the University of California, that a cavern has been explored near Baird, says a San Francisco special in the New York Herald. Mr. Sinclair, the geologist, who has continued the work in the cavern made famous by the discovery of the ursus spelacus, or cave bear, reports the discovery of a branch cave replete with fossil material.

Upon entering the newly opened cave he found the surface of the cavern floor littered with the bones of the giant cave bear, just as they had lain there for thousands of years, since the egress of their lair was filled up and they were trapped by the slipping of the earth.

The bones found in the main cavern were buried deep in silt, and it was questioned whether or not the original animals had lived in the cave or their bones had been washed in by subterranean waters. The discovery of Mr. Sinclair proves conclusively that an ancient den of the monsters has been uncovered.

Spaghetti as a Weapon.

Judge A. M. Aucoin of the Second City Criminal Court was confronted with a delicate and puzzling question in the case of Frank Klem, a German

merchant. Is Sphaghetti a dangerous weapon? That was the question. Mrs. Kiefer charged that the merchant assaulted her with a bunch of spaghetti, and the corpus de licti was clearly proven. Judge Aucoin, for the benefit and guidance of jurists throughout the land, held that spaghetti was not a dangerous weapon, but that despite this fact an assault with spaghetti could be made, and the person so offending was amenable to the law the same as if the weapon used had been a bludgeon of a meat ax.

The testimony showed that Mrs. Kiefer sent to Klem's place for five cents' worth of spaghetti; that when she received it she considered it spoiled and sent it back, and instead of getting her money refunded she says abuses were heaped upon her through her messenger. Then the lady called on the grocer in person. The merchant, it is alleged, at some point during the Babylonic colloquy threw the spaghetti in the lady's face and threatened to throw a weight at

The Court thought this fact was with a stick and pulled out with a clearly established. "Spaghetti is not her eggs, is most sought after, as the "but the defendant is guilty of the

SISTERS OF CHARIT

Use Pe-ru-na For Coughs, Colds, Grip and Catarrh --- A Congressman's Letter.



In every country of the civilized world Sisters of Charity are known. Not only do they minister to the spiritual and in-tellectual needs of the charges committed to their care, but they also minister to their bodily needs.

With so many children to take care of

and to protect from climate and disease these wise and prudent Sisters have found Peruna a never failing safeguard. Peruna a never tailing safeguard.
Dr. Hartman receives many letters from Catholic Sisters from all over the United States. A recommend recently received from a Catholic institution in Detroit, Mich., read as follows:
Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohto:

Dear Sir:-"The young girl who used the Peruna was suffering from laryngitis, and loss of voice. The result of the treatment was most satisfactory. She found great relief. and after further use of the medi cine we hope to be able to say she is entirely cured."-Sisters of Charity. The young girl was under the care of the Sisters of Charity and used Peruna for catarrh of the throat, with good results, as

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Send to the Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio, for a free book written by

The following letter is from Congressman Meckison, of Napoleon, Ohio: The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen: "I soccessores have used several bottles of Peruna and feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head, and feel encouraged to believe that its continued use will fully eradicate a disease of thirty disease of thirty years' standing." David Meekinson.

—David Meekison.

Dr. Hartman, one of the best known physicians and surgeons in the United States, was the first man to formulate Peruna. It was through his genius and perse-verance that it was introduced to the medi-cal profession of this country.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you'his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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Six men held the title of "Father of lis Country" before Washington. Few His Country" before Washington. Few seem to know that there was a "Mother of Her Country." She was Maria Theresa, the great Empress of Austria, according to the New York Press. It is said she made only one mistake in the course of her reign-consenting to the partition of Poland. On the edge of the document given her to sign she wrote: "I consent because so many great and learned men will have it so, but after I am dead and gone people will see the consequence of thus breaking through all that has hitherto been holy and just." Her daughter was the

St. Louis and San Francisco R. R. Offers to the colonist half fare, plus \$2.00 to points in Arkansas, Missouri, Nebraska Cansas, Colorado, Texas, Oklahoma and Indian Territories, on the following dates Nov. 4 and 18, Dec. 2 and 16, Jan. 6 and 20. Feb. 3 and 17, March 3 and 17, April 7 and 21. Write for advertising matter, rates and information to W. T. SAUNDERS, G. A. P. D.,

unhappy Marie Antoinette.

RUBBING IT IN.

He-if you wefuse me I shall put a bullet thwough my bwain. She-The idea! How could you? He-I suppose you think I'm talk-

ing like a cwazy man? She-Oh, no, like a sharpshooter .-Philadelphia Press.

\$100 Reward. \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's CatarrhCure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroy-ng the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faithin its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it falls to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minu., Jan. 6, 190) The man of many parts seldom parts his name in the middle,



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